Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy ſonnes do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Queene Anne his wife.

Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe ſword, deſpaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet ſoule, ſleepe thou a quiet ſleepe,
Dreame of ſucceſſe and happy victorie,
Thy aduerſaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghoſt of Buckingham.

The firſt was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The laſt was I that felt thy tyrrannie,
O, in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſſe:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting deſpaire, deſpairing yeeld thy breath.
To *Rich.* I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be thou not diſmaid,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* ſide,
And *Rithard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. Richard ſtarteth out of a dreame.

K. Ric. Giue me another horſe, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercie Ieſu: ſoft I did but dreame.
O coward conſcience, how doeſt thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh,
What doe I feare my ſelfe? theres none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I:
Is there a murtherer heere? No. Yes I am,
Then flie, what' from my ſelfe? great reaſon why,
Leſt I reuenge. What? my ſelfe vpon my ſelfe?
Alacke I loue my ſelfe, wherfore? for any good
That my ſelfe haue done vnto my ſelfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my ſelfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by
I am a villaine, yet I lye, I am not
Foole of thy ſelfe ſpeake well, foo
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſ
And euery tongue brings in a ſeu
And euery tale condemnes me fo
Periurie, in the higheſt degree,
Murder, ſterne murder, in the dy
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vſde in each
Throng all to the barre, crying a
I ſhall deſpaire, there is no creatu
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie n
And wherfore ſhould they? ſince
Find in my ſelfe, no pitty to my ſe
Me thought the ſoules of all that
Came all to my tent, and euery o
To morrowes vengeance on the h

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. Ratcliffe, my Lord, tis I: th
Hath twiſe done ſalutation to the
Your friends are vp, and buckle o
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream
What think ſt thou, will our frien
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I fear
Rat. Nay good my Lord, be no
King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſha
Haue ſtrooke more terror to the ſ
Then can the ſubſtance of ten tho
Armed in proofe, and led by ſhall
Tis not yet neare day, come goe w
Vnder our Tents Ile play the ewe
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke

Enter the Lords to Ric

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G